TOLD AT THE CAP'N'S CLUB.

TARNS SPUN BY OLD NANTUCKET HILERS IN A SNUG HARBOR.

gow the Whate Rammed the Sally Betts A Conviship Broken Up by a Whale-The Widow Sims's Bream of Wreek, NANTUCKET, Jan. 12.-The Nantucket of the old times, that is to say, the living Nantucket, for the present Nantucket is only a mummy, spee a year brought out for the edification of summer visitors, was distinctively a whaling

own. Not that any great proportion of the New England whaling fleet hailed from the littis wind-swept island, for either Edgartown or New Bedford could always boast ten masts to Nantucket's one, but it was exclusively the home of men who made their living at whaling. Dealers in eil and bone, Captains, mates, lookouts, harpooneers, and sailors, constituted the male population. The cripples and the aged took to all making, to turning out tools for the trade, and to other home branches of the business: the good wives helped provision and clothe the men, and even old maids owned shares in a schooner or brig. Many of the masters of New Bedford's biggest and most famous whalers were Nantucket men. They preferred to hall from New Bedford as being a baling centre, nearer market, and a far better harbor. The few vessels that made Nantucket their home port had to lighter most of their cargo ashore if heavy laden, or else by means of maken casks, known as camels, lashed to the ides, to buoy their way over the long shoal, Brant's Point sandbar, at the harbor's mouth.

Those days are gone and the skeletons of the stout old whalers lie bleaching at the docks of New Bedford, Provincetown, and the other little ports. The race of men who manned them is call nigh extinct. The business, what there is left of it, is changed entirely. The vessels are manned by Norwegians and Italians and controlled by big corporations. Many reasons, fanciful, romantic, and serious, some plausible, others not, are advanced to account for the decline in whaling. One explanation was given by an old member of the Cap'ns' Club of Nantucket. When the niggers of the Pacific islands and

the Azores and Bahamas in the Atlantic got to know enough to demand cash or value for their wisions, the profits began to fall away." he "In my early days a case of iron hatchets, in knives, looking glasses, and glass beads would provision a ship's company for a two rear's cruise. But trading with the natives is a thing of the past. The consequent expense and decreased profits is what hav driven most of us from the business. Then the use of steam vessels throws many of the old hands out, and last of all the whales are becoming scarce and shy." The casual visitor to Nantucket cannot fail to

see hear, and small whaling all over the musty old settlement. The very houses, set forward in the streets in irregular lines and pressed tightly together to keep warm in the wild winter storms, would from their grouping alone betray a fish-ing village without the telltale little square othout boxes on the roof, whence the wives were went to peer out to sea, watching for a rell-known sail. There are no garders, no barns to speak of, no factories, no shops, except of remill. Evidently the people did nothing but hunt whales. In the triangular plot formed by the meeting of broad, elm-shadowed Main street with one of the narrow, cobbled lanes that crawls down to the sea stands a low, shingled building, at least a century old. It is the home of the Cap'n's Club. Many years ago the retired whaling Captains got together and founded the society under that name for purposes of good fellowship and to keep old times alive. They bought this empty place, once a bone warehouse in old thriv-ing days, and fitted up their room. Since that time most of the founders have passed away, but a little knot of weather-beaten survivors still

rather to talk up whaling days and the past. It is a wonderfully interesting bit of a room, this Cap'n's Club. Its walls are hung with trophies of ocean hunts and with the clumsy and quaint weapons and tackle of two centuries age. Side by side with these are the shining odern appliances-a striking contrast. The egs on which the Cap'ns hang their hats are big whale's teeth, curiously carved. In one corper stands a huge green nymph with flowing ocks of battered gilt, once the figurehead of the amous old Water Witch of New Bedford, Old arpoons crusted with rust are labelled with the sames of the men who once flung them, and the number of whales they slew. Crude drawings of schooners, barks, and ships ornament the walls, and a monster whale's jawbone overhangs the door. When the flames blaze orightly in the smoky fireplace and the recollections of the old men revive, rare tales of sea life pass around the little half circle. If a old black pipes and get it to ticking audibly, tretch his feet out in the approved fashion and slide forward in his armchair till his head rests a the low back, and start a whaling talk, he will bear yarns such as no landsman can spin. Capt.

on the low back, and start a whaling talk, he will hear yarns such as no landsman can spin. Capt. Ottel Swain is one of the oldest and most prosperous of the members. Capt. But is another, and either of them can tell a whirling story. One night last fall, just after the equinoctial, a city man dropped in with the news that the schooner Wanderer of Martha's Vineyard was driving ashore on the Slasconset shais. That called up exclamations of disgust and opinions as to what any man deserved who let his vessel set within ten miles of the plaguey shoals. "Twas just another such night as this when the Sally Betts of Provincetown wentdown," remarked a wrinkled old salt in the far corner by the fire. Nobody spoke. The only sounds came from the fire as it crackled and roared and the wind outside as it meaned around the door. Emboldened by the silence, which was evidently an invitation, he continued:

"An' twarn't any shoals did the business for her, beither. I was only a lad then, for 'twar in the fall o' forty-one, but I could spy out a spout as far away as any man at sea, in those days, and I got good pay as lookout. Late one afternoon our long boat had been out chasting a big whale, and had got close to him only after a loog, tiresome row. Old Linters, harpoonsman, saw he had an ugly customer to deal with and told the books to. But he went ahead and struck the whale sure and true, just the same as he always did, and the hig critter made one break for the boat. He was on to it afore they could back water three fathoms length. Of course, it was smashed. The boys could all swim, and they struck out for the Sally. The whale never took no notice of any of the men. He just turned and made a bee line for the schooner. I was one of the few left on board, and I saw the whole performance through a glass.

"Mr. Baniel, says I to the second mate, that whole is coming for us head on?"

as one of the few left or board, and I saw the bole performance through a glass.

"Mr. Baniel," says I to the second mate, hat whale is coming for us head on!"

"Sure enough, he come, and as he struck us the port bow I let drive a long lance with my might, and old Sam Starbuck, our pilot, one apart harpoon. We hoped to reach his tails and settle him. No use. His first dash ove in our bow, and on his next rush he butted way our rudder. As he was making for us the or rudder. As he was making for us the me a little left-handed chap, like Waters, a big heavy harpoon that must have scritter had, for he sheered off and went

hart the critter had, for he sheered on added to sight.

By the time the boat's crew swam back we be the time the boat's crew swam back we were half full of water, and found we couldn't repair damage. It was gotting dark and coming on to blow great guns. There wasn't no spare on to blow great guns. There wasn't no spare time about it neither. We had just got a cask time about it neither.

was killed by Capt. Swain's ship Starbid they found the Sally's irons sticking a bill. But I never hear the wind kinder like she does to night but I get to think-like she does to night but I get to think-like she does to night but I get to think-like she does to night but I get to think-like she does to night but I get to think-like in whale she to the white haired skipper between pipe and I hope never to see another. Last a skied I was in an open whalebast, and he hear awallowed boat and all in his but. He crushed and killed the harpoons had the first oar just as though hed been a boy and they gingerbread men. Not that embedded the same hear awallowed boat and all in his but his fet of 'em for us to tow back to the ship, sa while I was cruising with Capt. Astia the Spider in the South Pacific. That arison in the corner was the one we what racon with, and we killed him two fiter and got it back. It was only an inch he blubber, and that inch cost Tom Anis life!"
Liect the last while that we get here in rhor?" enuckled old Capt. Warner, with a secent twinkle in his eye. "Morr'n one got his jarket wet that day, ch. Zeke?"
I madged his gray-haired neighbor, latter reddened, and sain testily: "Pretty all them that had spank enough to go out have any trouble keeping dry on the did you?"

and the cbb tide had cut off his retreat over the bar. Course! piled down to the town dock in a hurry. Zeke he was there ahead o'me, and Poly was there, too, lookin' at the boys getting ready to go out. I was just too late for a place in the last boot, and I fell pretty blue over it. Every chap that went would get a share in the old. Zeke waved his paw to Polly, and off they dished. I eat on the stringer pretty filum and watched the rircus. Zeke's boat got there first, and Zeke's father along the iron. Twan a good chough throw, too, but the critier died unusual hard. In his flurry he caught the boat with a thrash of his tail and sent the whole business, boat and men, twenty foot high into the air.

"He! he! says Polly, Zeke's a risin' roung man, ain't her sind laughed fit to kill herself. All the same she was rather proud o' his being in the first boat. But when he come ashere she, girl like, couldn't help teasin' him a bit, and he got his mad up and massed her. That was my chance and I made the most of it. Mes. Warner never says whale to Zeke when he comes to the house, and I wouldn't a' dared tonight only his rheumatism is so bad he couldn't whip me!" and even Zeke joined in the laugh that followed and almost shook loose the whalebone and lauses in the rafters.

"That was a mighty strange dream Capt. Sima's wife had night fore Christmas, 1850," broke in Capt. Toby Merritt, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "leastwise I call it a dream. The old lair'd take my head oil if she heard me sayin' so, palsied though she be."

A series of deubting coughs and whispers followed this outburst, and the city man asked what the dream was.

"The tway was this," and Cap, Toby settled down in his chair and crossed his feet. "Old man Sims was mighty well off. Folks said he was worth a bundred thousand, but I guess they pulled it out a little on that. Anyhow, when he got well fixed he took to buyin' paintings. Las' v'y'ge but one he went on he fetched home a splendid big pictur' of his brig, the Dauntless, under full sail. Twas

and the children."
One night Mrs, Sims woke, leastwise she

and the children.

"One night Mrs, Sims woke, leastwise she solemnly declares she woke, and turned over, as she was used to doing, to look at the big picture. Twas a bright moonlight night, clear as davlight, and she plainly saw every wave on the painting. She noticed a change in the sky first. Seemed unusually dark and then the water grew black. Thinking it might be a shadow in the roem she got up and went over to it, shivering in the cold. The picture itself was changed and kept changing. The sky got fairly like night, and she saw the crew of the big brig a shaking in the canvas. Fore they got the foretopsail furied, she see the foremast bend and then go by the board. Then the mainmast went. She says she could see her hashand workin' like a good one to get the wreckage cleared away. Then she saw the ship that seemed to have been drivin' for and stop with a shiver like, and then go down. Not a soul could get to the boats, and the widow says that picture showed only a bare wild sea tossing, and one head out of water, where the only man who seemed to be alive was swimming for a spar. Then she fainted. In the morning the picture was the same as ever, and folks tried to laugh her out of her dream, but she got her weeds ready, and even put 'em on. Two weeks afterward news came that the Dauntless had foundered on the Jersey coast and all hands weit lost 'cept Henry Watkins, the mate. He afterward came down to settle up matters with Widow Sims, and he said she had seen the whole thing just as it took place-dark sky, short'nin' of sail, foremast goin' over, and then the main, and then the strikin' of the reef!"

And as the evening's meeting broke up the old skippers one and all shook their heads over the story as they silently filed out into the storm.

HOW TO RULE THE RED MEN. The Reasons Given for Transforming the

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—The Senate Committee on Indian Affairs has before it an important bill proposing to change the Indian Territory as now occupied by the five civilized tribes into a regular territory, with Governor, Council, Secretary, Legislature, and judiciary, But in the Indian Territory the tribes already own the land, under patents issued in accordance with certain treaty stipulations. Nevertheless, this bill abolishes all the treaty stipulations made with the Five Tribes, except as to their land titles, and even as to the latter it provides for allotment in severalty in place of the present tenure in common with the further condition that the land thus allotted shall not be alienated for twenty years. It also abolishes all the pledges given to the Indians in regard to self-governnent, and abolishes their courts and councils, except so far as the latter may confer and cooperate with United States authorities in determining who are entitled to shares of the land and also with regard to the sale of the surplus after the allotment of 160 acres to each person as a homestead.

It will be seen that this measure proposes new departure in legislation for the Indian, and perhaps in American legislation of any sort, since it formally recalls past pledges and abolishes certain agreements, in virtue of which the Indians of the Five Tribes surrendered valuable lands and took others, under solemn stipulations of the Government, for the abrogation of which this bill provides.

The pending measure may be regarded as the stranger happens in they will make him wel- fruit of the labors of the Commission appointed come, but he will find it hard to draw them out. by President Cleveland, under the authority of Congress and consisting of ex-Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, Major Kidd of Indiana, and Capt. McKennon of Arkansas. This Commis-sion, in obedience to its instructions, visited the Indian Territory and sought to induce its owners to submit to an allotment of lands in severalty from which the existing laws expressly exempt them, and also to change their tribal form of government, which is also secured to them under existing laws. It found the Indians unfavorable to the proposed changes, and accordingly, since these changes could not be made without abolishing existing pledges, treaties, and statutes, it recommended such an abolition

without abolishing existing pledges, treaties, and statutes, it recommended such an abolition as is carried out in the present measure.

One difficulty in the case was found to be that, although the Government agreed to protect these Indians from the incursion of whites, the latter now appear to be fully three times as measurous as the Indians and freedmen of that Territory combined. The negligence, to call it by no worse name, of the Government in this matter has been resuffered in its results by the practices of the tribes in the adoption of whites into their communities. But as the legislation now proposed is so extraordinary and anomaious, it may be well to see on what grounds it is urged.

The Commission admits that the United States had guaranteed to the Five Tribes the right of self-government and the exclusion of all white

Is urged.

The Commission admits that the United States had guaranteed to the Five Tribes the right of self-government and the exclusion of all white persons from their borders. But it argues that "the present growth of the country and its present relations to this Territory were not thought of or even dreamed of by either party when they entered into these stipulations." As the case stands, "large and populous States are row on all sides of it, and one-half of it has been constituted a Territory." Again, 'the resources of Indian Territory have been developed to such a degree, and are of such an immense and tempting value that they are attracting to it an irresistible pressure from enterprising citizens. The executory conditions contained in the treaties have become impossible of execution. It is no longer possible for the United States to keep its citizens out of the Territory."

Perhaps it might be added to this review of the situation that the Government does not seem to have tried very hard thus far to keep its citizens out. The confession is certainly a very peculiar one to make. Yet it is true and should be recognized, that the difficulty of keeping isolated so large a domain has been increased of late years, and this difficulty ought to be appreciated by the more intelligent of the Indians themselves, who are perhaps not wise in simply standing on the letter of their rights and declaring that these modern difficulties are not of their creation.

But the Commission uses another argument,

standing on the letter of their rights and declaring that these modern difficulties are not of
their creation.

But the Commission uses another argument,
namely, that the present system is not favorable
for civilization. It says that those Indians who
live in the woods have not progressed within the
last twenty years, and that the best way to civilize them is "to induce them to settle on the fertile lands, rent portions to the whites, mingle
freely with them, attending the same churches
and schools." This again seems not unlikely,
but it implies a process of "inducing" and not
of taking away vested rights. Accordingly, still
another step is taken by the Commission in declaring that the privilege of self-government
granted by the treaty "has proved a failure." It
is asserted that "all the functions of the accailed governments of these five tribes have become powerless to protect the life or property
rights of the critice. The courts of justice have
become headers and baralyzed. Vionnice, robbery, and number are almost of daily occurrence." When the Commission was preparing
its report, there was an outbreak of violence,
which through the operations of Cook's gang of
outlaws; but we hear less of the matter now. It
is worth inquiring whether the state of things
depicted by the Commission is really habitual
in tha region.

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rison in the corrier was the one we had reachly with and we killed him two let and got it back. It was only an inche blubber, and that inch cost Tom Anis life?"

It was only an inche blubber, and that inch cost Tom Anis life? "In the state of things depicted by the Commission is really habitual two life?"

Furthermore outside and the state of things of the harber of this lacket wet that day, eh. Zeke? "In life in the line of the life in life

IT AROUSED THE COUNTRY

OVERPOWERING RESULTS OF DR DEPEN'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

A General Bellef that He Will data Forces with Nam Jones and Sam Small in a Crusade Against Salted Free Lunch, One night about two weeks ago Chauncey M. Depew strolled up Broadway arm in arm with Cornelius Vanderbilt. A meeting in behalf of the New York Christian Home for Intersperate Men was in progress at the Broadway Tabernacle, and as the pair approached the church Dr. Depew remembered that he had been asked to attend the meeting, and at his suggestion be and Mr. Vanderbilt entered the church and took seats in the rear. They had listened to several speeches directed against the liquor traffic, when the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, who recalded at the meeting, espied Dr. Depew and called upon him to say a few words. In response the Doctor made an address which has had the most horrible results. It was a simple little speech, and this is mainly what the Poctor said: "The question we are now considering is one of the greatest before the public. In the past no matter has excited more opposition by legislation than any attempt to restrict liquor selling. The wrong has always been not in selling liquor.

Men are beginning to look upon drunkards with "I have pity for those who drink to excess, believe drunkenness is a disease. The temptation to young men in the attractiveness of the saloon is fearful. The sellers of liquor make their saloons bright and attractive, and the free lunches that they set out are prepared with such

ingenuity that the drinker's thirst is increased." Dr. Depew's sentiments were much applauded, and at the conclusion of his address he left the platform, joined Mr. Vanderbilt in the rear of the church, and the two went away together, It all seemed a most harmless proceeding on the part of the Doctor, but it is safe to say that had he foreseen results he would never have posed as a champion of temperance and attacked the free lunch system.

Two days after the publication of his speech about thirty extra letters appeared in his morning mail. Many were in feminine handwriting, and, as the Doctor has few female correspondents, he was a little surprised at the sudden influx. One by one he read the letters, and the

flux. One by one he read the letters, and the surprised expression on his face became more and more pronounced.

When he had finished he gathered the letters carefully together and put them to one side. Each one of the mails that day brought more strange letters, and the next morning there were fifty or sixty more. Then temperance papers from all over the country began to pour in, and not only temperance papers, but religious weeklies and family papers by the score. Each contained some reference to the Doctor's admirable stand in the cause of 'mperance, said reference being invariably blue envilled, so that it would not escape the Doctor's eye. One Western weekly announced: "Dr. Depew has become so much wrapped up in the cause of temperance that he will stump the country shortly, laying before the people of America in his own, unequalled, eloquent style the evils of liquor and the awful results thereof."

Dr. Depew doesn't mind being called a Republican stumper, but this paragraph rather annoyed hum. He didn't feel any better, either, when he came across another paragraph, headed;

Sam Jones-Sam Small-Chauncey M. Depew.

Sam Jones—Sam Small—Chauncey M. Depew, Another Recruit: A Famous Orator Joins the Tem-perance Forces: A Millionaire in the Field! Chauncey M. Depew Takes Up the Glorions Work. A Millionaire in the Field!

Chauncey M. Depew Takes Up the Glorions Work.

Dr. Depew buried his face in his hands, and began to think. Visions of about 300 letters and an equally large number of papers floated before him. All praised his attitute: some begged him to invade the West: others understood that he meant to Join the Sam Jones Jorces, and called on him to carry the glorions work into Podunk, Squedunk, and other places not on the line of the New York Central Raffroad, while one genius, after a highly laudatory introduction, demanded to know why, if Dr. Depew was such a believer in the principles of prohibition, he attended so many dinners where the writer felt sure "the accursed liquids flowed as freely as water from a mountain spring." Was it worth such suffering just to add a mite more to his fame? though the Doctor. Why had he ventured into the Broadway Tabernacle on that ill-fated night? Why and how did so many people get so many different ideas out of his few simple remarks? It was all too much for him, and with a groan he got up just in time to encounter his colored attendant coming in with another batch of letters. He took ohe off the top and read:

"My DEAR Un. DEPEW: I am a lumber merchant and have a son who drinks everything that contributes toward making a man wonder where he is at. He cannot stop drinking, he says, because even when he kills the taste for the liquor his free lunch tendencies come to the front, and, battle as he may, he is invariably licked. I have read your great speech before the Home for Intemperate Men which you keep, and not wanting to send the boy away for the Keeley cure, would like to know what your terms would be to board him and give him whatever treatment you are in the habit of giving drinking men. As I write he is laying out two constables who are trying towarrest him. Do your best for the poor lad, for he is his mother's pet." A reporter asked the Doctor to say something on the subject of free lunches.

"Free lunches! exclaimed the Doctor. Well, I did say somet

meant all that I said about young men becoming slaves to drink. It's a terrible thing, and I think the free lunch is largely responsible for it. It's a most ingenious contrivance, and, do you know," and the Doctor lowered his voice, "do you know," and the Doctor lowered his voice, "do you know that it's simply put in a place to make a man thirsty? Yes, sir, I tell you that the free lunch is composed of food of such a character that it keeps a man thirsty and forces him to buy liquor to keep himself comfortable. It is made up of pickled herring, corned beef, fish cakes, salted potatoes, pretzels, cheese, smoked beef, potato salad, and dozens of other dishes the main ingredient of which is sait. And as sure as a man eats free lunch just so sure will he be a drinking man unless he is possessed of rare self-control. Why, I tell you the free lunch is more to blame for the number of drunkards around than anything else. A man takes a drink and a bite: the bite makes him thirsty and the drink makes him hungry, and many a man who would leave a saloon after having imbied one drink will stick all day as long as the free lunch is there. It isn't the drink that keeps him, but the ingenious make-up of the free lunch, and that's why I say it's a biotch on civilization and should be wiped out.

"Perhaps you wonder how I know all this. I'll tell you. I travel a great deal, and wherever I go I always make it a point to talk with the man next to me. I ask him his business and make him tell me all about it. That's why I am always prepared to address any kind of an audience on almost any kind of a subject. Now, among others, I have talked to many hotel men and liquor dealers, keepers of fashionable cafés as well as German saloon keepers, and, as the free lunch is a sort of a hobby of mine, I always make them tell me about what they spread out for their customers in the eating line. I used to wonder how they could afford to spread a free lunch, but all liquor dealers tell me that it's thermost paying investment they make, and I beli

Longest Speech on Record

Prom the Chicago Times.

"I was recently introduced," said Albert H. Steele of Portland, Or., "to a legislator who, I believe, has the record for making the longest continuous speech ever delivered. He is a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, in which there is no such thing as Senatorial courtesy, so that a long speaker cannot get a few minutes' rest for refreshments, as he generally can in the upper House of this country. The record breaker, who is of French descent, is an old college athlete, and on one occasion last sea-

can in the upper House of this country. The record breaker, who is of French descent, is an old college athlete, and on one occasion last session he was put up by the opposition to talk a bill to death. The majority saw through the device at once and put every obtacle in the way of the speaker.

"Not deterred by objections and points of order, the old athlete husbanded his strength and spoke steadily, without any longer pauses than were necessary to moisten his parched throat with an occasional inneent drink, twice around the clock. He started at 10 o'clock in the morning, kept steadily at his work all the afternoon, evening, and night, and did not even pause when the lights were turned out the following morning. Eyewitnesses tell me that as the morning wore on his voice was little more than a whisper and his eyes were bloodshot. He bore up manfully, however, and did not sit down till the clock struck 12, when the bill became dead by lapse of time, and he secured a respite, which was well carned, even if his cause was not a very noble one. He speaks of his twenty-six-hour effort with a shundar, and says be would rather walk 100 miles than go through the ordeal again."

BEAUTIFUL WITH FLOWERS. The Streets of the City Brilliant All the Winter Through,

show. Any one that has known the city a dozen years must have noted the progressive growth of the retail flower trade. Not only does the business flourish on fashionable thoroughfares, but it has found its way to every quarter save the poorest. There are between 200 and 300 florists with shops, to say nothing of the myriad of street stand keepers and peripatetic men, women, and girls, Wherever streams of home-going persons converge there is a flower stand wooing them to amiable extravagance. There are astonishing displays at a dozen conspicuous elevated railway stations. All the new quarters far up town have their florists, with all the luxuries, seasonable or unseason. able. There are plenty of second-hand dealers offering flowers that have already adorned the windows of the large florists, and in late spring and summer these flowers are so cheap that they come within the means of even the poorest.

With the poor above the degree of want flowers are the luxury of everyday life, and the necessity of weddings and funerals, esperially the latter. Hence the presence in unexpected quarters of florists that make a specialty of what are called "deral offerings." When a bambino is buried from Thompson street there are half a dozen stiff floral piece resting upon the little coffin as it moves toward the cemetery. When a Hebrew wedding is celebrated in Rivington street there are the bridal wreath of orange biossoms, the bridal void, the bridal coach, and the bridal bouquet. You see scores of uncomfortable-looking bridal couples displayed in the frames of east side photographers, each new-made man and wife with a bouquet between them. vially the latter. Hence the presence in unexbut in getting drunk. This is changing now

of uncomfortable-looking bridal couples displayed in the frames of cost side photographers, each new-made man and wife with a bouquet between them.

The window decorations of the large florists are more and more elaborate and expensive. Many such decorations include at least \$100 worth of bloesoms. Sometimes the labor alone involved in these displays costs a pretty penny, for there is a vast deal of taste and experience needed for such work, and those things are costly. Some of the seemingly small shops make notable window displays, but the size of a florist's shop is deceptive, for such a shop on a much frequented corner does a business quite out of proportion to the area of land it occupies, and little shops are sometimes merely agencies for large greenhouses in the suburls. The business of three or four such shops, that will occur to every one knowing firmadway and Fifth avenue, is a comfortable income, and is enriching those financially concerned. A few of the openain stands are exceedingly valuable, and one may see any morning perhaps a score of men carrying small baskets from incoming suburban trains, each basket containing as much as \$20 worth of some single variety of flowers, to be delivered to customers that never fail of needling the supply.

Comparatively recent developments of the retail trade in cut flowers lend a peculiar picturesqueness to the streets, especially in the dusk of winter evenings, when the snow is on the ground and all without has a semi-arctic aspect. A flower dealer in a specially busy uptown thoroughfare stands in a detached booth on the edge of the sidewalk, enclosed on all sides with glass. The booth is well lit, and there, encysted in the arctic air, and seemingly protected from it by almost invisible walls is a tropic display of blossoms, a bewildering splendor of vivid colors, that paint the winter with delight, and seem a tiny tropic miracle deflant of the cold.

would make no unnecessary delay; but the foremest of them had not time to reach the foremest of vivid colors, that paint the winter with delight, and seem a tiny tropic miracle deflant of the cold.

A WEB-FOOTED PANTHER.

Folks in the Hemlock Belt Kept Excited by a Beast with an Abnormal Head.

Indian Run, Pa., Jan. 11.—The hunters of this part of the Hemlock Belt have something of more importance in the way of game to engage their attention just now than they have had for many a year. Bears long ago became commonplace, wildcats a drug in the sporting market. In fact, the backwoodsmen were bored, and they were pining for something to put life into the woods and epirit and snap into the conversation around the tavern hearth, when this something came in shape unexpected. If one-half the stories that are brought in about it are true, its shape is such that no one could reasonably have expected to see or hear of its like. This livener up of backwoods life is said to be much larger than a panther. Those who have been so fortunate as to see the beast say it has the general appearance of a panther, except that its head is much larger than a panther's mind the foremest of them had not time to reach the foremest of them had not time to reach the foremest of them had not time to reach the foremest of them had not time to reach the foremest of them had not time to reach the foremest of them had down the cannon and in another moment they came galloping madly into cama, carrying on as only a bunch of mules can when they came galloping madly into other moment they came galloping madly into came, carrying on as only a bunch of mules can when they came always terrifying, and when they be badly scared. It was evident that something at the water had slaways terrifying, and when they re badly scared. It was evident that something at the water had slaways terrifying, and when they re badly scared. It was evident that something at the water had slaways terrifying, and them. The unknown is always terrifying and them. The unknown is

but whether it was a lack of plumpness on the part of the youngsters or an objection on the part of the panther to mixing its victuals with copper-toed shoes and woollen hoods, the beast committed no overt act, but merely

copper-toed shoes and woollen hoods, the beast committed no overt act, but merely rounded the children up and corralled them in the first house they came to in their hurry. The panther then bounded away into the woods with a yell, that according to those who heard it, "would have turned an Indian paie." It left its unmistakable and entirely new trail deep in the snow, and was followed a good many miles by several determined hunters, but the panther got away among the rocks.

The big beast was apparently satisfied with the sensation it had made, for it did not put in an appearance again for a week. Then Bascomb Hailey, the younger, who lives away up toward the leadwaters, discovered the panther in his barnyard, actively engaged in decreasing the size of his herd by one fat beifer. Hascomb Bailey, the younger, is old enough to be an unterflied Heinlock Helt bear hunter, and he lost no time in interfering with the beefing operation of the web-footed and abnormally headed intruder. The panther's reputation for fercetiy and boldness seems to have suffered greatly in the estimation of many citizens because it did not resent Bascomb's interference, but maie itself scarce instead; but it is evident that those citizens do not know Bascomb Bailey, the younger, and that the blg-headed helfer slayer did, showing that he hasn't his big head for nothing.

Bascomb Bailey, the younger, hurried to his

did, showing that he hasn't his big head for nothing.

Hascomb Balley, the younger, hurried to his house, got a gun, and started in pursuit of the panther with web feet. He describes it as being nearly as big as the heffer it started out to absorb, but perhaps Bascomb was excited. Any-how, the animal took a course down the creek, and when Bascomb Bailey, the younger, got to the house of Bascomb Bailey, the elder, he found that veteran rigging himself up with his rifle and other accountements. 

rific and other accoustements.

"What's up, papy" said Bascomb Balley, the younger.

"It's jest gone down around the bend yonder," replied Bascomb Bailey, the eider.

"What has?"

"The web-foot and swell-head painter?"

Then the two Balleys and no more but followed the animal's trail. They followed it for miles in its sinuous and rapid course, but night came on and they had to give it up.

Since then the skeletons of two deer, which must have been slain and eaten weeks ago, have been discovered in a ravino near the head waters, and their taking off is naturally charged to the beast of prey which has thus far so shrewdly cluded the efforts of the best and most persistent hunters to capture it. The last reports from it came in from the Elk Run station of the Philadelphia and Eric Rallroad. Jacob Herst and Lyman Roberts live near there, and the animal came out of the woods on Wedineday has, just as the two men were passing on their way after a fex. They had three deep with them, and the dogs, in blind confidence in their prowess, instantly pitched into the beast. It killed all three does so quickly that Herst and Roberts say that there didn't seem to be a second of time between their attacking barks and their dying yells. After dispesing of the three does seen since, but many evidences that it is still prowling in the Indian Run region are daily apparent. A grand hunt is being organized to run the monster down and end its extent.

SOME GREAT SHOOTING. CHANCE SHOTS WITH REVOLVERS New York's streets are a perpetual flower OF WESTERN PLAINSMEN.

> Two Bullets in the Hend of a Lion-A Theory that Rattlesankes Help Men to Shoot Their Heads Off-Luck and Shill, FORT SILL, O. T., Jan. 8.—The best pistol shot in the world is said to be a policeman in New York city. He is the best in the sense that he has defeated all who have competed in pistol shooting with him. Western men have heard of him, and, while they grant his prowess with the revolver in the shooting gallery, they doubt his ability to equal many performances with the pistol by men of the plains. A group of sharpshooters of the Southwest drifted together at the Red Store agency, and the talk naturally turned to pistols and shooting.

> Yes, gentlemen," said Pender Brown, who Hill Cook says is the surest shot in the West, "you would do well to doubt all those stories of men who make bull's-eyes simultaneously en two separate targets with a pistol in each hand. I do not believe such skill can be acquired by any amount of practice, but I will not deny that I have seen remarkable shots made on emergency, and even remember to have made one or two myself. I remember well an occasion when I made a wonderful double shot, and a very forunate one it was for me, yet I did not credit it to good marksmanship, for I knew it was the merest chance in the world.

"It was in the old days in Arizona when I was running a freight train of four teams on the Black Cafion road, between Phonix and Pres-cott. I drove one six-mula team myself and had three hired Mexican teamsters, each driving a team of the same size. At that time, 1871, the road was none of the safest, for small bands of Indians were constantly raiding across the country between the Verde River and the Bradshaw Mountains, and a number of small outfits had been taken in. I never did happen to have my outfit actually jumped, but I attribute that to the care I took to be always on my guard and to see that my teamsters were equally careful. The Apache will not attack when he sees you are ready for him, unless he is in overwhelming force. It is contrary to his traditions.

"One night after a hard day's pull we went

to be much larger than a panther. Those who have been so fortunate as to see the beast say it has the general appearance of a panther, except that its head is much larger than a panther's head ought to be, and that it has web feet.

The region hereabout years ago was a favorite baunt of panthers, its dense swamps and many rocky fissures and caverns making it especially adapted to the uses of these ferocious animals. The wild country about the head of indian liver was particularly noted as a locality where the seeker after a panther hunt could always be accommodated in remarkably short time. It is that particular locality which has been chosen by the visitor of the present time as the scene of its exploits.

The tracks of this enlarged panther with the sow along the ravines of Indian River and in other places before the animal itself was seen. The panther, or whatever it is, first appeared to three little girls who were on their way home from school one afternoon a couple of weeks ago. It amused itself by chasing the children, but whether it was a lack of plumpness on the but whether it was a lack of plumpness of my pisiols, cocking them as I drew them from their scabbards. Then, quick as a flash, I thrust them before me and discharged them at the uneanny head. During the confusion of the report I fancied I could hear a cracking of the canes, followed by the concussion of a heavy body on the ground. When the echoes died away, however, all was still again, and to my relief the head had disappeared. After listening a while I hurrically dipped up a few swallows of water and returned to the wagons.

"In the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, I was up reconnoiring the ground. The seedgy pool formed by the waters of the spring was but a few feet in diameter, and on its opposite side, completely hidden in the dense canebrake. I found a great flat-topped boulder that had long before fallen from the face of the cafoon wall. At the foot of this, on

dense canebrake. I found a great flat-topped boulder that had long before fallen from the fince of the cañon wall. At the foot of this, on the side nearest the mountain, lay the tawny bulk of a huze mountain lion, stretched on his back with all four of his murderous paws in the air. He had been crouched on the flat summit of the rock, which was just high enough to give him a commanding view over the top of the canes, awaiting the approach of a deer, or possioly one of my mules. Perhaps, having missed his chance at the mules, he was making up his mind to pay his respects to me when I discovered him. I have never known a hon to attack a man; but, though cowardly by day, they are in no hurry to give up the road at hight, and I will always believe that fellow was in the very act of springing on me when I discharged my pistols. If that was the case, those were the two lucklest shots I ever fired, side by side in his breast, just one inch apart, were the bullet holes. They had killed him, you see, aimost before he had time to kick.

"Your random shot," began old John Ellis, "recalis a pistol performance of my own, in which I bagged my game without even seeing the object I shot at, by making a good guess at its position. It happens as a coincidence that a mountain lion and a rattlesnake figure in my story also, though the shake plays the leading part. I was crossing a desert in the southern part of the Territory on horseback when I observed a lion trotting along, catilke, in the open

mind to pay his respects to me when I discovered him. I have never known a hou to attack a man; but, though cowardly by day, they are in mo hurry to give up the road at night, and I will always believe that fellow was in the very act of springing on me when I discharged my pistols. If that was the case, those were the two luckless shots I ever fired. Side by side in his breast, just one inch apart, were the builet holes. They make the sum to be on the way, and I lime to kick. They have been sumitioned to be the sum of the state of the sum of th

the culch, which was twenty feet deep and fifty feet in width, was a perfect tangle of chaparral and cactus.

"A few minutes later, as I was riding along the edge of the bank at a slow cauter searching for a piece to descend, I saw directly in front of the horse, who had not observed it, an immense rattlesnake colled and ready to strike. To acceive was impossible, for the horse was, -3 you night say, aiready in the air. The pisto, was ready cacked in my hand, however, and, quick as thought, I leaned over to one side and discharged it at the ground, right under the horse's helly, without even looking where I shot. My hope was that I might hit close chough to the snake to disconcert it so that it would delay striking for an instant, and that instant would be all that was needed to place the horse out of danger. Looking tack after I had passed, I saw the snake writhing on the ground, and I dismounted in order to kill it. Judge of my surprise when I discovered that my chance shot had cut the upper part of its head off, leaving only the lower jaw attached to the body."

I think I can tell you how you happened to A Struggle for a Nickel.

"Americans spend money freely enough." said a traveller. "but they object seriously to parting with ever so little without a return. I observed a indicrous illustration of that characteristic on a Broadway car last night.

"A young man, who was very elegantly dressed, dropped a five-cent piece while paying his fare. It fell between the wooden slats of the flooring and he attempted to the recover it. Now, I have no doubt that he would have teased a nickel to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard an eight to the first begran, or that it would standard and the proper part of its head off, leaving only the lower law uttached to the body."

"I think I can tell you how you happened to hit that shade," said Marshal Joe Goodwin, "and also explain why it is that we so often hear of men shooting rattiers' heads off-men, head who are known to be very ordinary marks-men shooting rattiers' heads off men, and shooting rattiers' heads off-men, and shooting rattiers' heads off-men, and shooting rattiers' heads off-men, and also explain why it is that we so often hear of men shooting rattiers' heads off-men, and shoot on any other object.

"But my eyes were rudely opened one day when I chanced on a snake that was crawling

broadside and would not cuit. There are times when you cannot get a smake to coil without when you cannot get a snake to coil will actually cornering it; and this was one of times. He was about lifteen feet distant on taking a shot at him, I was surprised to my bullet plough the ground nearly a foot of the mark. It was the same with the maining five shots in my revolver. of the mark. It was the sums with the maining five shots in my revolver. I never touched him, and finally was reduced to Ignominy of despatching him with a straight successive the subaracteristic of the rattlesnake never to tail on his enemy. With his head well that on his enemy. With his head well the tail on his enemy. With his head well at thrust any object toward is must be for barrel-and he will instantly nellest unfinching gaze in a direct line the of nearest him, it being from point or wow the most dangerous. His is are to keep himself directly in front of threatening object, in order to prevent i movements. Change the position of the gun rel and you will notice the snake make a staneous change in the position of his I shake the barrel from side to side, and in efforts to keep it squarely in front of him head will confident the boats of a ham head will confident the the position of him the control of the same than the control of the position of him head will confident the the position of him the the control of the position of him the the position of him the the control of the same than the sam

THE WISH OF A DYING MAN A Short Story of the Civil War Told by an Old Soldler.

"Here was a battle going on," said an old soldier; "nothing very heroic about it nor any-thing very tremendous, except that more or less men were getting killed and wounded all the time. Patches of woods with open spaces intervening, the line stretched along in the edge of the woods and across the open spaces. Along in front an open space, and on the other side of that the Confederates, in woods like ourselves, where there were woods, but in light earthworks and rifle pits between. That was their position, and we eral movement, and our business was to stay

and was designed to have in time, with its sub-"Veteran troops, ours were, except for such recruits as were scattered among us and except sidiary works, a circuit of many miles, and to mount 500 guns. Great sums were expended upon for a few enthusiastic men that liked to shout, using ammunition sparingly and not shooting

Frenchmen's Hearts Made Glad by the

snalls, and the hearts of the French and The snails come upon the great ocean liners, at the rate of about 50,000 snails a trip, and on the signboards of the French restaurants in University place and the side streets near Sixth avenue one may read "Escargots do Bourgogne." An order for this delicacy will place, but not in the refrigerator, until they arrive here. The voyage is said to fatten them. One cargo went amiss. The mouths of the

at it just as he would at any approaching object

there and keep the troops in front engaged.

Sign "Escargots de Bourgogne."

With the new year comes the season for of many of the German citizens of this and near Sixth avenue one may read "Escargots de Bourgogne." An order for this delicacy will produce a tiny tin dish having three or six holes in it, in which are twisted cornucopias of white paper, and in each of these is a small in his shell, piping hot, and swimming in the rich butter and chopped parsley and sweet herts in which he has been stewed until he is a feast for the gods. The smalls do not come over in that state, however. They come in casks. The first layer is placed around the side of the small cask, and as the smalls quickly catch hold of the wooden sides, they are packed very close, each fellow lying as close to his neighbors as possible. Then the casks are put on board the ship and kept in a cold place, but not in the refriverstor, until they are placed but not in the refriverstor, until they are placed but not in the refriverstor, until they are placed but not in the refriverstor.

ONCE A DREAD FORTRESS.

POPULAR MISTAKES ABOUT THE DRY TORTUGAS AS A PRISON.

The Climate Delightral, Especially in Wis-ter-Prisoners of the Civil War Who Were Confined There-Fort deflerson No.

Longer Gordsoned Its Isolation, Morris Rodney, who died at Newton the other day, was one of several life prisoners in the Dry Tortugas, whom a sind-fate removed from the spot long before the original wentence expired, There are no prisoners on the Dry Tortugas now, and the fort where the prisoners were kept is no longer even garrisoned. Popular curiosity thirty years ago was eagerly fixed on these for Southern keys, and several conspicuous North-ern enemics of Mr. Lincoin's Administration threatened with exile thither, though about the only notable prisoners of the place were the men convicted of compileity in the assassination of the President, and of these only one served out his life sentence.

Popular fancy during the war painted the Dry

Tortugas as a region of peculiar horror, and the belief still lingers. The adjective dry gave the impression of a desert where the prisoner, tantalized with the sight of salt water all about. suffered the pangs of thirst for lack of fresh water. The adjective merely means that the group to which it has been applied is not flooded at high tide, as are hundreds of neighboring reefs and islets. As a matter of fact, the climate therenbouts is sufficiently moist, and the fort when it was garrisoned was surrounded by abundant sub-tropical vegetation. Nor is the climate especially unwholesome, though the place is occasionally visited by yellow fever.

The group of the lary Tortugas, named for the

abundance of monster turtles thereabouts, lies

120 miles from the maintand of Florida, 71

miles from Key West, and only about 90 miles

from Havana. It was held at one time to com-

cordingly the United States Government pro-

jected there an enormous work of defence, Fort

Jefferson. The fort was begun in 1846 or 1847.

force. It is contrary to his traditions.

"On night after a hard day's puil we went im cannot after dark desse to short can be given improved that the control of the contr the work, as everything in the way of building material had to be carried many hundreds there or four years after his conviction, while his three companions were pardoned. One of them, Dr. Mudd, was for a time the only physician present during an epidemic of yellow fever, and his faithfulness in that crists won him high praise from the garrison.

Barring a hot summer and the possibility of yellow lever, the Dry Tortugas group, of terrible reputation, is far from being a region of horrors. The winter climate is delightful. The temperature rarely falls below below 60 degrees Fahrenkeit and is usually nearer 75 degrees. At times

ture rarely fulls below below 60 degrees Fahren-heit, and is usually nearer 75 degrees. At times there comes a sudden stillness upon the sea, ac-companied by a haze and a rise of 10, 15, or 20 degrees in temperature. That is the sign of the norther, which follows soon with terrific force of wind and a fall of from 25 to 35 degrees in temperature. Ordinarily, how-

are about the only part of riorda that has been colonized by tropical birds and insects peculiar to the West Indies.

The Dry Tortagas are part of Monroe county, Florida, of which Key West is the principal city. Indeed, out of less than 19,000 inhabitants in the county, the city of Key West has more than 18,000. The soldiers when stationed at Fort Jefferson complained of the climate and of their isolation, but they managed to keep in communication with the outside world, to maintain an amateur dramatic company, and to receive from time to time books, newspapers, and periodicals, whereas the early lighthouse keeper lived on Garden Key with only his family and with no settlement nearer than sixty miles. Fort Jefferson had a garrison of less than 100 five years after the close of the civil war, and the dread fortress is now marked in the reports of the Secretary of War with the asterisk, which means "not garrisoned." Doubtless, as in a good many other such fortresses of the United States, a corporal without his traditional guard constitutes the sole representative of the Government.

And It Is the Biggest One Ever Killed ta &

WATSONVILLE, Pa., Jan. 11. Having recovered from his scare, John Nogard, a lumberman living near this place, is the proudest man in the hemiock helt, for he is the slayer of the biggest and finest-coated bear that was ever killed in western Pennsylvania, the home of big bears. He was out after rabbits, and heard his dog barking in a furious way. Approaching the spot cautionsly, with his shotgun cocked ready for large white snails. The gray-colored shells come ext, and the others are classed as small and inferior. Their scientific name is belief permitty but they do not readily answer to it. They belong to the south of Fureige, and were introduced into Ingiand in the seventeenth century, but are now almost obsolete in that country. The old-time Romans thought them a great delicacy, and the French do still, but the average American, while he does not accusally distilke them, in many cases thinks them a very much overrated dist, and at the prior rather expensive. They used to be esteemed as a cure for consumption, a discase to which glass blowers are subject, and fifty years are, when then formed one of the principal dishes.

A Peculiarity of Eggs.

"I like my eggs boiled just four minutes," said Mr. Goalington, "and I need to wonder weby with that simple direction to be followed to couldn't get them always the same. Sometimes they were too hard, sometimes too soft; though it was always said that they had been follied it was always said that they had been follied it was always said that they had been follied it was always said that they had been follied in the threety, cutting the latter and certain degree of hardness, an older egg might attain the same degree in two minutes; or c'es it's just the other way, the town should require four minutes beling to a failing and the condition of the grant the guilt may be conditioned as a subject that in a certain degree of hardness, an older egg might attain the same degree in two minutes; or c'es it's just the other way, the town grant they be a failing at him, so feet raking a long rest, he went confliction to know this."

The condition of the principal dishes.

The lear came right on. Norard had nothing the first of the condition of almost of the last and was abstracted by the head of the same time. She says that while an error of the subject of the first was allowed the would have been just as being the condition of the principal dishes.

The lear came right on. Norard had not action, he saw his dog acting in a most excited manner, but it was some time before he could